THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's *the specious* trifling *of the mind;*
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport *alone, and not for* game. YOUNG.

Edward Easy, Esq.

I HAVE followed you through the different numbers of your entertaining *Companion*, and find your essays replete with amusement and instruction. The plan you commence with is excellent, and the obvious intention of the work, merits the applause of every *real* philanthropist. When the prominent follies and vices of the day call for powerful correctives, to counteract their baneful effects on social life and moral conduct, the man who has fortitude to step forward as the champion of virtue, to warn thoughtless folly, sordid avarice, or hardened villany, of their dangerous situation; deserves better of his country, than *he (misnamed a hero)* who wades through seas of blood to guilty eminence, and founds his claim to publick favour, on what ought to be his eternal disgrace. The various productions of the amiable Addison, who was an ornament to Britain, and an honour to human nature, will ever be read with profit and delight; because, exclusive of the elegance, taste, and chasteness of composition, with which they are written, their direct tendency has for its object, the refinement of manners, and the improvement of the heart. The Companion originates from similar motives, and it is hoped will be crowned with the success such useful exertions are entitled to. I am aware, that in the execution of the laudable purpose you have undertaken, you will have to combat ignorance, prejudice, false taste, and mistaken habits, rather than natural turpitude. For the honour of mankind, we may probably conclude, that there is an innate rectitude in the mind, when not vitiated by bad example, and the indulgence of evil propensities, which disposes it to discharge its duty uprightly, both to God and man; but so frail are our best resolves, so strong our passions, and so weak our fortitude, that we fall an easy prey to the sneering ridicule of *modish fashion*, and *imposing artifice*. In truth, many give into scenes of depravity for which they have no inclination, to avoid the imputation of singularity: to such, you have only to shew the absurdity of their conduct, and the baseness of those, who with demoniack malevolence attempt their delusion, and you instantly annihilate the talisman, by which they have been misled. The sudden influx of wealth, and the grimace, frivolity, and affectation, of sundry exoticks (injudiciously) allowed an asylum amongst us, and imitated with sedulous attention, have nearly eradicated our plain manners, introduced a dissipation heretofore unknown, and led us to ape fashions foreign to our character, in which we figure with *nearly* as much grace as a bear in a minuet. In addition to fantastick follies, sincerity obliges me to add, the reigning immoralities which have taken deep root in our cities; irreligion, a sordid boundless avarice, an unfeeling apathy for the distresses of our fellow-creatures, a malicious backbiting spirit of detraction, an attempt made by purse-proud upstarts to establish an *aristocracy*, unsupported by genius, education, or liberality; and a fatal itch for hazardous speculation in business, and deep play in private society. To lash *these* with an unsparing hand, is fair, just, and meritorious; nor can any person, unless lost to candour, shame, and goodness, object to a measure of such general utility, especially as in correcting the vice, you spare the individual; and if there are some who take the caricatures exhibited, as personal allusions to themselves, it can only be from a consciousness that they deserve them. From all personalities, however, your good sense and knowledge of life are sufficient safeguards. It would be almost superfluous to hint to you, my estimable friend, that even *patriotism* demands your utmost efforts to stem this over-

whelming torrent. Mild, unobtrusive, and averse to discord as he may be, the real patriot, when the welfare or protection of his country calls forth his energies, is like the generous lion in its defence—

"Backward to mingle in detested strife,
"But foremost, when engag'd."

The unimpassioned observer on men and manners, may render his country infinite service, by holding up the mirror of truth to publick view, and shewing in their true colours, those imperfections and enormities, which *business* and *pleasure* are too apt to overlook. As every individual is *morally* bound, to contribute what he can to the general weal, the mutual chain of dependence pervading society universally, so ought *all* in their different stations, to lend a helping hand in the reform, by openly and avowedly encouraging virtue, and repressing vice. The purpose of the present address is, to suggest the advantages which may be derived from a publick paper, conducted on proper principles, and patronized and aided by the assistance of men possessed of leisure and literary endowments. The keen shaft of satire has often succeeded, when preaching and counsel have failed. In Europe, as I have before said, essays similar to the *Companion* have produced acknowledged benefit; in this country the experiment remains to be tried, but there is every reason to conclude, that they will be equally availing. Besides, those who may occasionally furnish a *paper* for this work, will derive personal improvement, by the train of reflection it induces, the style and arrangement necessary in the composition, and the regular and sedate habits which will follow from the precepts inculcated. Our national character is not fully established, and as example will ever flow from the more elevated situations in life, it is doubly obligatory on those, on whom nature and education have conferred their choicest gifts, to render a fair account to the all-bountiful Giver, by dedicating a part of their time to the instruction of others, less highly favoured.—Forbid it! that with them, those blessings should become the *hidden talent*, so forcibly described in the New Testament: may they rather improve an hundred fold; and as we are told in Scripture, "that he who turns away *others* from sinning shall shine like the stars in the firmament," may such be their lot. I shall conclude with an old Latin phrase:

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

F

To receive praise for endeavouring to do well, from those who are best able to discern motives and appreciate exertion, is the best, and only recompence desired by him that writes, not for profit, but to amuse and improve himself, and create a spirit of emulation in others; and advice is never so likely to be attended to, as when accompanied by commendation: but however sincerely I may wish to follow the counsel of a friend, it is certain that the employment of one man's leisure hours can do but little towards the accomplishment of the various objects for which a periodical paper is calculated. I am happy to acknowledge that several communications have been received which would do honour to any publication; and if such examples were occasionally followed by only one half of those in this city, who possess learning and talents, the consequence and utility of the Companion would answer the expectation of its most sanguine well wishers. In the hope of such assistance was it undertaken, nor will that hope be easily resigned. The few numbers already published, though not made up entirely of original matter, nor enlivened by much variety, yet, at least evince that the work is conducted on proper principles, and that nothing is admitted which has the remotest tendency to mislead the judgment, to inflame the passions, or deprave the heart. It cannot be justly said to have fallen short of its pretensions, because it pretended to nothing more than an humble attempt, and rested its hope of respectability on the aid of others; if it cannot yet compare with productions of a similar nature, those who are best able to raise it up, and have beheld its struggles with indifference, have no right to complain; and if in its future progress there should not be many signs of improvement, the cause must be sought for in the neglect of men qualified to dignify its pages with the results of science, correct principles of taste, and reflections strengthened by observation, and matured by experience. Yet notwithstanding the *busy* pass it by, the *idlers* call it trifling, and the *dull* say it is stupid; while the number of subscribers continues to increase, and they whose suffrages deserve most regard approve the design, and wish it may be successful; I cannot but entertain a belief, that it will ultimately receive such assistance as shall establish its reputation, and realise the beneficial purposes for which it was instituted.

THE TRIFLER—No. VII.

[A SORE IN THE MORAL SYSTEM, SELDOM TOUCHED, YET MOST IN WANT OF PROBING.

Gambling, so ruinous, yet so fashionable, continues to gain upon us: notwithstanding the reasoning of the philosopher, the lectures of the moralist, and the strong argument of sad experience, still does the sickened eye of the benevolent christian behold the daily increasing propensity of the *rising stock* to such destructive pursuits.

What man of feeling, that has a son, a brother, but must reprobate that system of education, whose tendency is moral turpitude—what patriot, zealously contending for his country's welfare, but must regret that the evil ways of domestick life, by debasing the character of its citizens, should ultimately destroy the dignity, the energy of the state?

As it is a sin so flagrant, so abominable, so self-evident, as to admit of no dispute, I shall not insult the good sense of your readers, by adducing here any arguments to prove that gambling is directly contrary to the principles of the religion we profess, & inconsistent with the character of the "noblest work of God;" but that it is essentially opposite to the interests of its votaries. And, as all men lend an eager ear to arguments for the furtherance of their *own interests*, I am not afraid but this will be attentively read.

What does man seek here? Happiness. What means does he prefer the use of, for the attainment of this great prize? The most easy and agreeable. These replies, all will grant, are proper. It becomes us, then, as men, as accountable beings, to discover, if possible, the road to *happiness;* not only here, but hereafter.

If all the wrong roads in a traveller's way were blocked up, he would readily keep the right. So, if all the avenues to wretchedness and discontent were, by some peculiar mark at their entrance, made known, it is most likely we should go by. Amongst these, gaming is a conspicuous, a vile one. Though it may have the appearance of a much-travelled, agreeable highway, and pleasant to the sojourner, yet he will most certainly find, as *all his predecessors have*, that the further he proceeds, the more hateful will be the prospect before him; until, like his infernal urger, his career terminates by falling into an abyss of misery inconceivably great.

It is a false principle in education, to instil into the minds of youth an inordinate desire for money, money, money! A young man sets out in life with this object constantly in view—if he is successful in trade, 'tis well; if not, he becomes impatient; but soon discovers, or thinks he has, in gaming, a certain mean by which to gain his point. He enters, with eagerness into this untried traffick. Soon flushed with momentary *good luck*, he settles down to the character of a professed gamester. It is now his daily pastime, his common business—varying a little in form, to be sure, from cards to billiards, from billiards back to cards, but essentially the same, whether at the private party, or in a house kept for the purpose. Unhappy indeed is the man who has imbibed this passion, for so powerful is it, that every consideration of friendship, affection, and honesty, falls before the all-destroying monster, the offspring of sordid avarice, which, swallowing all the nobler feelings of our nature, "robs Justice of her balance, Valour of her sword, and Pity of her tear." The gamester feels no commiseration for the hapless fellow-mortal whom by his villany he ruins. He can view with callous indifference, or fiend-like pleasure, the man he has robbed, ("won" from) writhing under the tortures of self-condemnation, agonized by the stings of remorse, that urge him on to desperation.

What more despicable gang than half a dozen filchers round a card table, lying, cursing, robbing!—It is the last company into which an honest man's most distant relative ought to think of entering. The hardened rascality of these wretches cannot be viewed by the lover of moral rectitude and honest industry, but with the greatest pain. An attachment to gaming, considered as the foundation of many other vices, we should strive hard to avoid: it gives rise to more prophane language, than almost any other habit—it leads to excess in drinking—to an aversion to any honourable profession—to the most abandoned haunts of moral depravity——To say nothing of the barbarity of breaking one anothers noses—mauling the face and body—or the subsequent murders, stylishly termed shooting a man politely.

If our young men were not permitted to visit scenes of dissipation—if they were taught to spend their leisure time in some more rational way, would there not be readily brought about a general reformation in our manners, our morals, and our respectability as a people? It may be thought by some, that to prefer the rigid discipline of Friends to the too fashionable laxity of many others, were to deviate from one of the principles laid down in your prospectus—But, sir, the person who, with that deference due to your superiour judgment, and the modesty becoming one of his humble talents and short experience, would here hint at the purity of their morals, and the simplicity of their means, is bold to say, that did the people of this country all hold the tight reign over children that Friends do, our young men would be more healthy, infidelity and irreligion would be less prevalent, add our old men would be better citizens: And I think the pleasing hope might be well founded, that this country would rapidly advance to that glorious preeminence so much to be desired by every true American, and by every enlightened Christian.] T

Mr. Easy,

It has been the practice of your predecessors to attend to the complaints of the ladies, and as I have seen several

productions with female signatures in your paper, I make free to unfold my hard case to you, in hopes it may be a caution to the young and unsuspicious, as well as a hint to parents and guardians.

I cannot introduce my story without letting you know something of my birth and education, that you may not think me entirely unworthy your notice.

I was born of respectable parents, but whether they were descended of ancient or noble families, I know not, neither does it avail in this land where merit is supposed to be the true touchstone of quality. However, they possessed a good house to reside in, and kept a good table to live on; and I was always clothed with handsome neatness. I was sent to school from my earliest memory till the age of sixteen. I was taught needle-work, reading, writing, arithmetick, geography, history, and something of moral philosophy. At home I learned the œconomy of house-keeping; at church, and from the bible, I imbibed the principles of religion, which were often enforced by my dear mother. The accomplishments of dancing and musick were purposely omitted, as interfering with the many other branches that occupied my attention, and to this seeming restraint I was not averse, as I perceived their application to be very limited, and in general laid aside by all my acquaintances as soon as married.

I rejoiced at the age that constituted me a woman, and had no doubt but my parents would still direct my steps, at least in the negative way. From sixteen to eighteen I spent my time in visiting and receiving visits; at the turn of eighteen, I perceived an encroachment on my short life of happiness; by the extension of sympathy from a heart I had long since observed to be in the pain of love: in fact, I was addressed by a handsome well-bred young gentleman, for whose name you will please to receive that of Edward. Not being checked, I received his addresses, and doubted not but my choice would be approved; for I could not believe but that my parents, as well as all my acquaintances, saw the expressions of his affection which I so easily discerned in every glance of his eye, and in every feature of his countenance. After three months courtship it became necessary to explain by utterance what was so well understood in silence: and being one day conveniently situated, Edward offered me his hand, which I accepted, conditionally, with my parents' consent. This he approved of, and promised an immediate enquiry into. This evening cemented our affections so completely that we could not permit a second day to separate us, and I shall forever recollect the ensuing evening. When I spied him advancing, I slipt away almost unobserved, to the room above, leaving him to enter where he would find my father alone. Fear, hope, and anxiety, by turns possessed my mind for one long hour; when I was called down stairs. My father had withdrawn, and I too soon saw the unhappy issue of the conversation; my weeping Edward detailed it to me in bitter anguish. My father had enquired into his prospects in life, which Edward, with all frankness and candour, instantly disclosed to him. Alas! it was Edward's misfortune to be worth but little before hand; he depended upon his industry and activity in business, to maintain a family. A father-in-law he conceived would not be loosed from the parental obligation towards his daughter, even though she was married; but in this he was mistaken; for my father very sternly informed him that he thought his daughter good enough for any man, without a dowry; and that unless Edward's friends would put him in such circumstances as to ensure his never being called upon, he must instantly desist from his attention to me, and even cease visiting the house. The anguish at our parting was unutterable. His image is still fresh in my mind, but thank God, by a happy constitution of our frames we are not made to weep for ever: the most solemn and interesting subjects soon die away, if not repeatedly pressed upon us. It certainly is not my place to upbraid a parent, but it is a parent's duty to prevent by a timely interference the unhappiness of his child; and as to the mode of calling their attention to this evil, I leave it to you, my friend Easy.

From your afflicted

ANNA.

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Anna very justly observes, "that by a happy constitution of their frames," the sex was not made to weep forever; and it may also be remarked, that the effects of this happy climate, joined to the happy, judicious, and careful mode of female education, is most happily calculated to prevent their heads from aching with too much thought, and their hearts from breaking with any sudden paroxism of feeling. We therefore see no evil to be remedied.

DOCTOR PARR'S CHARACTER OF MR. FOX'S ELOQUENCE

Concluded.

Mr. Fox possesses one admirable distinction; he is never known to violate the purity of the English idiom. Many who, in their attempts to shine, introduce foreign expressions—and, disdaining the unaffected language of simplicity, acquire a strange and offensive dialect—are overpowered by his raillery, conveyed in the chaste terms of his own language. He well knows that the oratory

which is obscure, can never be admired: he knows also, that those expressions which convey most information, have always most dignity, and frequently most beauty. He is sensible, withal, that the thunder of his eloquence can never be successfully employed, unless under the direction of a certain regulated force; for which reason he sometimes uses such full continuity of expression, as seems in a manner to disdain the preciseness of connection, but in reality defies the torture of the severest criticism. Sometimes he separates his speech into minuter sentences, which have nevertheless a certain order and rythm. In these instances he may be thought negligent, but they excite no prejudice against him; they mark a man more solicitous to satisfy the judgment, than captivate the ear. Yet is he particularly careful not to maim or weaken his sentences: he never violently inserts pompous but unmeaning words, to fill up, as it were, some cavity. He never fatigues and oppresses the attention by vain and idle ornaments; a subterfuge which the judgment rejects with all possible disdain. He is consequently neither diffuse nor confused, neither impotent nor disjointed.

When he is about to conclude, he varies his powers with uncommon dexterity; and is either open or reserved, as circumstance requires.

So much has Mr. Fox been benefitted by thought, and by experience, that his knowledge appears to extend to every place; and he not only perceives in a moment what is worthy his pursuit, but he discerns where it is to be obtained: to which we should add, that he is perfectly familiar with all the forms of law, the subtleties of logick, and the application of both. Whenever any subject involving them is to be discussed, we have to admire his genius and sagacity; he can either explain or discuss them copiously, or dispute minutely and perspicuously concerning them. What is separate and disjointed, he can connect and contract; what is abstract and obscure, he can scientifically unfold: not with imperfect, unconvincing hesitation; not by the aid of pompous and ostentatious language; but in a manner prompt, clear, satisfactory; and in terms adapted to every judgment, and intelligible to the meanest capacity.

If he does not forcibly impress his audience at the commencement of his speeches, his strong and varied power, as he proceeds, progressively rouses and fixes attention. His introductory skirmishes, if we may so term them, are so contrived—not for insulting parade, in imitation of the Samnites, who did not use in battle the spears which they brandished before—but so as to be of the greatest advantage to his purpose, when he appears more particularly anxious after victory. When strenuously pressed, he retreats, not as if he had thrown away, or even dropt his shield; but he seems wholly collected in himself, and merely to be making use of a feint, whilst selecting a better situation. When his object is to refute his opponents, he accumulates all his powers. Sometimes he applies the more compressed weapons of logick, and with their extreme acuteness harasses those who are most versed and most obstinate in contest. Sometimes he expands himself, and lets loose all the reigns to that species of eloquence, which is more diffusive, more magnificent, and more splendid. But all the superiour greatness of his genius is then apparent, when unresisted he takes possession of what seemed capable of a vigorous defence; when he describes the opinions and manners of mankind; when he applies examples; when he alarms his adversaries with apprehensions of the future; when he denounces vengeance against crimes, or renders praise to virtue; when he passes the limits which restrain ordinary speakers; when he expresses the emotions of supplication, of hope, of detestation.

Wisdom, as of all the other arts, is the foundation also of eloquence; but the man whose scientifick attainments have received the maturity of experience, will not be retained where the obscure streamlet of eloquence meanders, but rushes forwards to where the full torrent of the tide bursts forth. But Mr. Fox, and in a manner which exceedingly becomes him, frequently assumes the humbler part of minutest explanation. Whenever he condescends to this, he obtains all that he can wish; but he can in a moment resume his dignity, and ascend, through every gradation, to the height of all which claims admiration. His oratory is at times so very rapid, that it appears somewhat obscure, from its extreme acuteness and celerity; but it still would not be easy to adopt expressions more significant, or more full of meaning: yet, in all that he says, there is an obvious vigour and beauty, peculiar to himself. He seems withal to exhibit that artificial shade, which makes such beauties more conspicuously observable: he possesses, in common with Demosthenes, the faculty of keeping his object constantly in view, and of impressing it, with the wished for effect, on the minds of his audience.

I would wish such to understand, who have been misled by erroneous representation, that the very circumstance which is urged in diminution of Mr. Fox's excellence, is equally a proof of his skill and of his genius. His sentences, if minutely examined, are so exquisite, and so profound, that they seem rather the result of philosophical investigation, than borrowed from the schools of Rheto-

rick. They are sometimes confined to disquisitions of a personal nature; at others, they involve the history of past, or the occurrences of modern times; occasionally they comprehend subjects of an universal nature. The better to excite and fix the attention, he disposes them in various points of view. With infinite skill he accommodates his speeches to the different tastes and prejudices of different hearers: he introduces so much novelty, calls to his aid such strong and unexpected arguments, and applies them so admirably to the occasion, that he fascinates even those who are prejudiced against him, or hurries them unresisting along with him.

I have before remarked, that the abilities of Mr. Fox are adequate to every possible occurrence. But whenever a subject presents itself, which claims the full exertion of his talents, he stands forth with a kind of luminous activity, and shews how vast are the powers of eloquence. He then seems like a torrent hurrying the mountain rocks before it, and disdaining all restraints of bridges and of banks. This force and celerity in speaking, Eupolis formerly admired in Pericles; and the most violent opponents of Mr. Fox hear, confess, and are astonished.

THE COMPASS,

AN ORIGINAL INVENTION OF THE CHINESE.

The present system of Chinese navigation is to keep as near the shore as possible; and never to lose sight of land, unless in voyages that absolutely require it; such as to Japan, Batavia, and Cochin China. Knowing the bearing or direction of the port intended to be made, let the wind be fair or foul, they endeavour, as near as possible, to keep the head of the ship always pointing towards the port by means of the compass. This instrument, as used in China, has every appearance of originality. The natives know nothing, from history or tradition, of its first introduction or discovery; and the use of the magnet, for indicating the poles of the earth, can be traced, from their records, to a period of time when the greatest part of Europe was in a state of barbarism. It has been conjectured, indeed, that the use of the magnetick needle in Europe was first brought from China by the famous traveller Mario Polo, the Venetian. Its appearance immediately after his death, or according to some, while he was yet living, but, at all events, in his own country, renders such a conjecture extremely probable. The embassies in which he was employed by Cublai-Kahn, and the long voyages he performed by sea, could scarcely have been practicable without the aid of the compass. Be this as it may, the Chinese were, without doubt, well acquainted with this instrument long before the thirteenth century. It is recorded in their best authenticated annals merely as a fact, and not any extraordinary circumstance, that the Emperour Chung-ko presented an ambassadour of Cochin-China, who had lost his way in coming by sea, with a *ting-nan-tchin*, (a needle pointing out the south) the name which it still retains. Even this idea of the seat of magnetick influence, together with the construction of the compass box, the division of the card into eight principal points, and each of these again subdivided into three, the manner of suspending the needle, and its diminutive size, seldom exceeding in length three quarters of an inch, are all of them strong presumptions of its being an original, and not a borrowed invention. By some, indeed, it has been conjectured, that the Scythians, in the northern region of Asia, were acquainted with the polarity of the magnet, in ages antecedent to all history, and that the virtue of this fossil was intended to be meant by the flying arrow, presented to Abris by Apollo, about the time of the Trojan war, with the help of which he could transport himself wherever he pleased.—The abundance of iron ores, and perhaps of native iron, in every part of Tartary, and the very early period of time in which the natives were acquainted with the process of smelting these ores, render the idea not improbable, of the northern nations of Europe and Asia, (or the Scythians) being first acquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following lines were written many years ago, and before the author had seen or heard of Mr. Merry's poem on the same subject.—The pains of memory are certainly susceptible of much more amplification; and might be a fruitful source of exertion for the abilities of a real poet; one whose boundless imagination would place the subject in every point of view to produce effect, and exhibit the extent of its powers.

" Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
" Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!
" Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
" And with some sweet oblivious antidote
" Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
" Which weighs upon the heart"?

MACBETH.

Oh memory! thou busy source of pain!
Thou actor of our miseries o'er again!
Thou harsh intruder! whose tormenting pow'r,
Instilling thought embitters every hour;
Forego thy bitter unrelenting sway,
Nor doom to horrours every coming day.
Ah what avails imagination's powers
With fancied bliss to cheat the tardy hours,
Whose sweet delusions banish care away
And to the mind bestow perpetual day;

If the sad soul is wrapp'd in joyless gloom
And sighs and lingers for the welcome tomb.
The sun with boundless glory fills the skies
And myriads joys where fair Hindostan lies:
Yon silver orb with fainter beams invite
The pensive muse each phylosophick night,
Those heavenly spheres resplendent gild the pole
And tell what hand supports and rules the whole.
Springs verdant charms now deck the joyful land,
And bounteous nature spreads with lavish hand,
Whilst ev'ry grove with feather'd choirs resounds
And richest paintings fill the smiling grounds,
When Summer heats prevail, the clown oppress'd,
Hies to the shade and lays him down to rest;
Whilst the dark wood a sweet asylum shows
Where the rap't soul with inspiration glows:
And Autumn next displays her reapen'd plain
Crown'd with rich fruits and fill'd with golden grain.
All, all, in vain.—The universe bestows
No charms, no pleasures, to deceive his woes.
The woodland warbling jars his sated ear—
* The country lies a desart—wild and drear—
He wisely shuns the silent solemn glade
For harsh reflection haunts the gloomy shade.
Autumnal riches no new bliss supply;
They nothing yield to please the mental eye,
See, icy Winter chearless reigns around
And cities throng'd with mirth and joy abound;
The bliss which from the social mixture flows,
No gaiety, no happiness bestows;
Forlorn, unhappy, wretched, does he feel;
And prove how hard the task an anguish'd mind to heal.
Say from what source, can memory impart,
One pleasing sense to sooth the murderer's heart?
When busy fancy brings the injur'd shade
To haunt his solitude, his peace invade?
The guilty wretch, who waded to the throne
Thro' kindred blood, from danger conscious grown,
Now by the trembling limb and bloodless cheek
Betrays his crimes; nor can a refuge seek
From bleeding forms, who bare the mangled breast,
And to his frighten'd vision stand confest—
† Behold that wretched tyrant youth expire;—
His frame consumed by more than mortal fire;
Stung by remorse, not all the charms of art,
Could hush his cares, or ease his aching heart:
Each hour recalls, the bloody dreadful day,
When by his mandate thousands slaughter'd lay,
When in cold blood confounding youth and age
His wretched subjects felt his bigot rage.
O, friend to Virtue! whose all powerful aid,
Sooner or later owns the heav'nly maid;
In terrours cloth'd, the villain's mind assail;
And with just vengeance tear aside the veil,
That from himself his hideous portrait hides
And for his crimes a lasting scourge provides.

* This goodly earth seems to me a sterile promontory. HAMLET.

† Charles IX of France, the infamous cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when 40,000 protestants were slain.—For an account of the transaction and his horrid death; see Voltaire's Hist. and Henriade and Sully's Memoirs.

See the proud monument and marble bust,
With useless pomp insult the humble dust;
Whilst gorgeous pageants more supremely show,
That all parade is mockery of woe;
Unheeded by the father, lover, friend,
Who o'er the grave in silent anguish bend—
Will no kind genius watch the fatal hour,
And blunt the invidious tyrant's baleful power?
Lull with a syren's spells the aching sense,
And to the mind lethargick aid dispense?
Ah no—for all is horrour and dismay;
While yet the husband hugs the breathless clay.
Ten thousand thousand sad illusions rise
To aid his anguish and increase his sighs—
Now is recall'd each hour, each happy day
That smooth'd life's passage of the dreary way;
Now do contrasted pleasures mock his woes,
And to impending grief, lost virtue's charms oppose.
When the loud gale's tempestuous force descends,
And sharpest light'ning heav'ns vast concave rends;
Whilst thro' the crackling rigging howls the storm,
And naught prevails but tumult and alarm;
Then to the youthful breast of him who roves,
Far from the mistress whom he fondly loves;
Malicious mem'ry proves her hated art
And emulates the vile tormentor's part,
O, cursed gold! the source of various woe;
From whom our sorrows more than pleasures flow:
In search of thee, I brav'd the faithful seas,
To gain by added fortune future ease:
For visionary wealth I wildly roam,
And madly leave my plighted love and home;
Fool, not to know, that competence was bliss,
And certain happiness exchange for this!
Let me again behold my native shore,
And I will tempt th' uncertain waves no more.—
But most when madness rules th' unhappy hour
Must wretched man sustain thy keenest power;
All other sense of joys or sorrows gone,
And the whole soul absorb'd with one alone.
Hail! thou great master of the magick pen!
Whose piercing eyes beheld the hearts of men;
Hast thou not forc'd the sympathetick tear
With the keen horrours of thy frenzy'd *Lear*?
When to his comfort ev'ry door was clos'd,
And bare he stood to pelting storms expos'd;
The fretful elements contend in vain,
They hurt not him whose agonized brain
Dwells on a father's violated right,
And tells his sorrows in the ear of night,
While rain, and storm, and lightning, all conspire
To aid "th' unnat'ral hags" against their sire.
Remembrance, ever constant, points the pain,
Shews him his wrongs, and tells them o'er again;
For when in lonely hovel he descries,
In seeming madness where sad Edgar lies,
Poor wretch, says he, thy fate is hard indeed;
Naught but ingratitude has done this deed.
Where far remote some desart island lies,
Midway in seas, and curs'd by wintry skies,
Some shipwreck'd mariner perchance now strays
A hapless wand'rer, doom'd to pass his days

'Midst barren rocks, where hideous monsters roar,
And tempests rage forever round the shore;
From mankind banish'd he must ever weep,
And curse the fate which sav'd him from the deep:
Happy would sweet oblivion prove but kind,
And blot remembrance from his wretched mind:
Oft at the ling'ring close of cheerless day,
What time is seen afar Sol's parting ray
Gleam o'er the deep: the scenes long past arise;
His throbbing bosom heaves with struggling sighs;
Sad, in despair, he views th' extended main,
And thinks on joys he ne'er must see again.
But oh, what bliss! when on the farthest verge
Of distant horizon, the faithless surge
Wafts towards his ravish'd sight a distant sail;
Oh! with what extacies he feels the gale
That onward brings the long, long wish'd for aid,
So long to his unceasing prayers delay'd.
Alas! stern Fate relentless heeds no sigh;
For see, the unconscious vessel passes by
With rapid motion, leaves the aching sight,
And all is lost in one unbounded night.
Say, who to dulness' stupid sway consign'd,
All pleasing thoughts of happiness resign'd?
Reflecting, dwells on scenes enjoy'd before,
And not laments those scenes to come no more?
Thus the poor exile from his native home,
By ruthless force, abroad compell'd to roam;
Whether from Afric or from Gallia driven,
Sees for his portion naught remain but heav'n:
In foreign countries doom'd to beg or toil,
With heart-corroding grief reflects the while
On his dear native land, and former ease,
And those lov'd scenes where all was wont to please:
Whilst this with unavailing grief complains,
Of ruin'd fortunes, and usurp'd domains.
For such, Compassion heaves the sorrowing sigh,
Whilst social tears suffuse soft Pity's eye.
But say, ye grasping avaricious fools,
In whom the love of money only rules;
Who with insatiate wants forever curs'd,
Behold the doom of prosp'rous fate revers'd;
Say, can you claim of sympathy the meed?
For your distress what pitying heart will bleed?
The proffer'd boon of competence was naught;
Unbounded wealth your greedy purpose sought,
Yet bless'd with all that mortals could implore,
Your narrow, sordid hearts still grasp'd at more;
Still for superfluous riches spent those hours,
Ordain'd to exercise far nobler powers—
Now doom'd in poverty your days to close,
And with departed joys contrast impending woes.
Thee! sad Remembrance, we then fly in vain,
By thee reflection brings continuous pain,
Thy constant power the art of man defies,
Times past incessant to his thoughts arise:
Alas! how few th' intrusive view can bear?
How oft excited, starts Contrition's tear?
Yet not alone art thou to self confin'd;
With other woes th' historian wrings the mind:
'Tis but to seek the thicket's inmost shade,
Possess'd of Clio's stores implore their aid;
Instant we pierce the distant maze of time,
And view the ills of ev'ry age and clime;
O then what gloomy objects rise to view!
In the long lapse of time, behold how few
The friends of virtue and of good appear,
With casual joy to check the constant tear.
Life's varied scenes delusive seem, and vain,
Producing naught but sorrow, grief, and pain;
And this sad truth forever wounds the mind,
That man's most deadly foe is human kind.
In vain the eager eye with ardour pores
On classick pages, and the time explores,
When Roman virtue and the patriot's pride
To gods above, the human soul ally'd.
Ages of crime and wretchedness succeed,
The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed;
Whilst monster tyrants in succession show
The sad varieties of human woe;
And long old Rome is seen in sullied state,
Her freedom sacrificed to factious hate.—
Extend our views; regard the christian world;
The crescent, and the cross, behold unfurl'd;
The red-cross banner waves o'er Europe's land,
And christian rage and folly now command:
Still human blood in streams perpetual flow,
The baleful flames of persecution glow,
And Heav'n's meek child, Religion, sacred maid!
To desarts flies, and seeks Retirement's shade:
There with her God in peace secure remains,
Whilst all the world her sacred name profanes.
The tyrant's pretext, and the Impostor's aid;
See for destruction drawn the murd'rous blade.
In Gallia's land, on Belgium's hapless shore,
Holy fanaticks lavish human gore.
A bigot woman—Britain's lasting shame,
There, points the sword, or blows the cruel flame.
Now warriour monarchs peaceful realms invade,
To gain those laurels which may never fade;
The battle ended, and the millions slain,
Say, is the victor's brow entwin'd in vain?
Long shall they flourish?—Yes, the tyrant's name,
Th' indignant page will damn to lasting fame.—
The bloody thirst of gold contemn'd the waves,
And ravag'd shores the southern ocean laves;
The name of *Cortez* pains the sorrowing mind;
Pizarro's fame to ages goes consign'd.—
Hence, dismal visions! leave my wearied soul—
O come, some pow'r, the baleful thoughts controul—
Leave me not wrapp'd in one eternal night,
But with enchantment charm my blunted sight—
It comes—it comes—propitious to my view;
'Tis no deceit, great WASHINGTON, 'tis you!
O ever present to the wond'ring mind,
Be all *thy* virtues, all *thy* deeds confin'd:
So shall fair nature boast one brilliant light
To cheer in history's page the constant night. A

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